

September 13, 1916

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.
SEPTEMBER 20, 1916.

EACH NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

New Series. —PART 15

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS



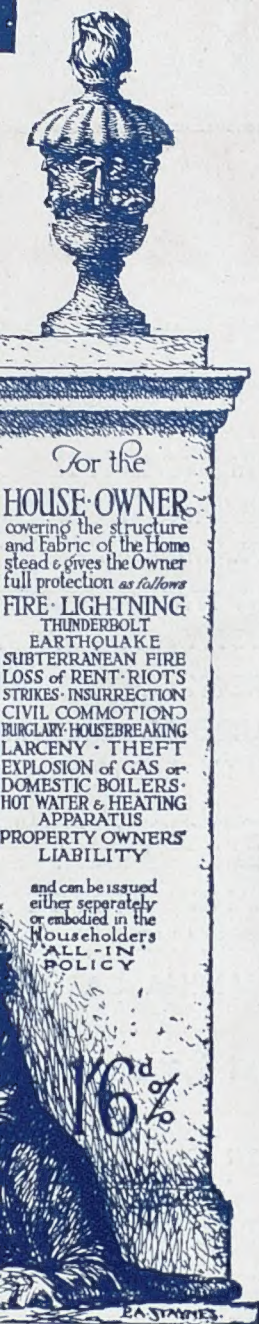
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"EYES" AND

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BATTERY CAT: ACTION AND INACTION.

in, all-unconscious of the potential force behind, blow poor Pussy into smithereens. A French com- e 17th stated: "To the north of the Somme our ly bombarded the German organisations. . . . All acks . . . were shattered by our guns. . . . There nary cannonade on the rest of the front."—[C.N.]

by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, W.C.—WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20, 1916.

The Illustrated London News

of SEPTEMBER 16 contains illustrations of—

WHERE THE TRENCHES MEET: A
SENTRY ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

WAR SCENES IN FRANCE AND MACE-
DONIA.

THE PRIME MINISTER AT THE FRONT.

WHERE CELLARS WERE CLEARED OF
GERMANS.

ENEMIES IN THE SAME TRENCH.

DOGS OF THE WAR.

THE NEW BELGIAN ARMY.

A FRENCH OBSERVATION - POST IN
THE HILLS.

AN INDIAN MOUNTAIN BATTERY ON
THE MARCH.

ON THE ISONZO, NEAR GORIZIA.

"THE USUAL TRENCH WARFARE": ON
THE BRITISH FRONT.

THE ITALIANS CAPTURING AN AUS-
TRIAN "RABBIT-WARREN" POSITION
AT DAWN

A SUBMARINE'S SIGNAL.

"THE BLACK TREES OF THIEPVAL
SHOULD BE RED AT THEIR ROOTS."

THE FRENCHWOMAN IN WAR.

BIG GUNS MOVING UP TO THE
FRONT.

A GERMAN MUNITIONS STORE BLOWN
UP.

OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

Etc., Etc.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



WRITE TO-DAY FOR BOOKLET 13.
THE **BRITISH DOMINIONS**
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Head Office—1, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C.

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"I MAK' SICCAR," said Kirk Patrick on that memorable occasion when the Red Comyn met his death in the church of the Grey Friars—improving upon Bruce's "I doubt."—Making siccar (or sure) is always a good road to take; and in the case cited, paved the way to a throne.

Now consider what answer **you** could give if you were asked whether your house and its contents were safely and fully protected against not only the ordinary risks of fire and so forth, (which you know all about), but against many other dangers of which the majority of people

KNOW NOTHING

You possibly **think** you have made all safe, but remember, "I thought" and "I am sorry" sound very feeble after an accident has happened. What you ought to be able to say is "I have taken proper precautions" "I am safe—I am sure."

Had our friend Kirk Patrick, to whom we referred above, not made **sure** the Red Comyn might have recovered from the wound that Bruce had given him—Bruce might never have sat on the Scottish Throne; Bannockburn might never have been fought. "It is" says the French proverb "always the impossible that occurs." Apply the proverb to your home insurance.

YOUR HOME

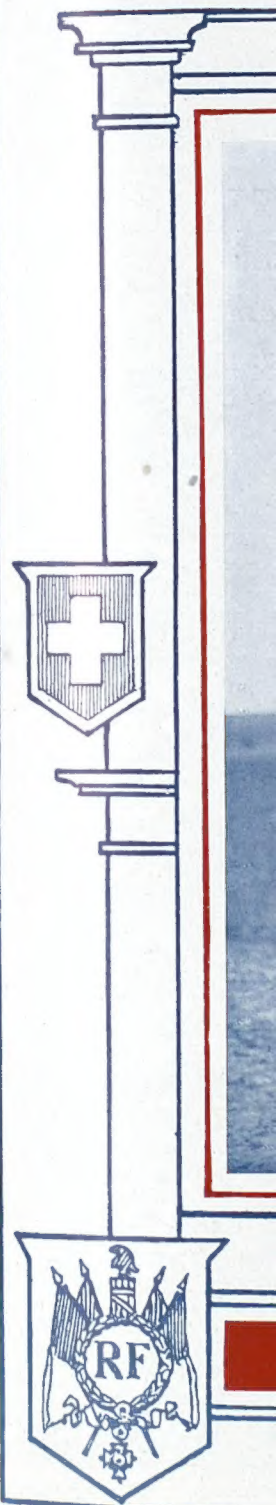
Your **home** is in a sense **yourself**—how nearly so you cannot realise until you have lost it. Therefore take some care and trouble to examine your policies, and see how you really stand as regards protection. There are certain to be weak spots in your armour and hidden dangers which you do not recognise. You can soon learn what they are and "Mak' Siccar" (or sure) by writing for the Booklet of the House-holders' and House-owners'

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THE WAR



September 20, 1916

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Times

OF AUSTRALIA”

London Bridge, S.E.

The Illustrated War News, Sept. 20, 1916.—Part 15, New Series.

The Illustrated War News



“EYES” AND “EARS” OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY: TELEPHONING AT AN OBSERVATION-POST.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE pressure on Germany has extended to another sector of the enclosing circle this week, for, following the Russian onslaught and the Western, the Italian offensive, and the movement of Roumania, the Allied troops at Salonika have begun the encroachment of their attack. It is this concentric movement of assault which seems to me to be the most admirable note of the present phase of fighting, even though some of the work done by individual sections of the Allied troops—the French and the British, for example—has been brilliant. For the movement, though it marches with slow feet at times, is developing in a fine crescendo; there is a sense of accumulation about the gradual extension of pressure and power. Its strength is in its quietness and its certainty, and, more than anything, in the fact that each movement is being made in fulfilment of a promise, though that promise was denied by the enemy. It is the advertisement, by acts, that we are choosing our own fields and time and means. And it is more than that. It is the sign that, in this, the third year of war, the Allies have the initiative, and the latter end of the war is the most promising time to have it.

The study of the present situation offers no occasion to doubt this. It is not merely that Germany just now seems incapable of holding us when we attack direct; it is that Germany can only encounter failure when she endeavours to balance matters by movements of her own. In this way the counter-effort that was to force back Russia in Galicia appears to have been muffled. In this way the brave Germano-Bulgar assault on the

Dobrudja appears to have run down after its dramatic opening at Tutrakan. In this way the massing of large effectives on the Somme front has not merely failed to bend back the Allied line, or to hold it in check, it has not even stayed for a moment the deep movement of advance. Here, in the third month of the Western offensive the Allies have registered gains more brilliant than those made in the beginning.

The French fighting, indeed, is truly magnificent. So fluent and smooth has been their attack that, despite the forces that must have been marshalled against our Allies, they appear to have reduced their enemies to impotence. The Germans were yet, on Tuesday, counter-assaulting the French line at points—in the Berny-Chaulnes area, for one—and attacking with evident ferocity when our Ally sent her troops forward once more. Without a moment's check, these admirable fighters proceeded to drive a dangerous wedge between those most vital enemy holding-points, Combles and Péronne, and to drive it deep. In less than half an hour they had over-run all the German first defences from the south of Combles to the Somme, had swept up and over Hill 145, had carried the remainder of the Wood of Marrières (they had

fought their way into it last week), and, southward, had established their line along the ridge of Height 76. In this thrust they had formed a new front from a point south of Rancourt, passing against the skirts of Bouchavesnes along the Bapaume-Péronne road, until it turned back at the ridge 76. An admirable gain of ground, but even here the attack was not stopped.



AWARDED THE VICTORIA CROSS: COMMANDER THE HON. EDWARD BARRY STEWART BINGHAM, R.N.

His Majesty has awarded the Victoria Cross to Commander the Hon. Barry Stewart Bingham, of H.M.S. "Nestor," for his bravery and devotion to duty in the Battle of Jutland Bank. Commander Bingham is at present a prisoner of war in Germany. Other recipients of the V.C. are Major Francis John William Harvey, R.M.L.I., who was killed in action, in the Battle of Jutland Bank; and the gallant boy, John Travers Cornwell, of H.M.S. "Chester."

Photo. by Central Press.



POSTHUMOUS HONOURS FOR BOY (FIRST CLASS) JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL, O.N.J., 42563; MR. F. O. SALISBURY TO PAINT THE PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG V.C. His Majesty has awarded the Victoria Cross to the brave boy Cornwell, for his gallantry in the Battle of Jutland Bank, and Mr. Frank Salisbury, whose portrait we give, is to paint a commemorative portrait of the young hero, for which the Admiralty have promised to reconstruct the scene on board the battle-ship itself, H.M.S. "Chester."—[Photo. by Photopress.]

By eight o'clock the going forward again was assaulted and on beyond the high important lines of ment. On Wednesday in the face of German yards to the east of Wood was taken, and was opened out by Le Priez Farm was beyond the ridge 76.

This new wedge about four miles to and a-half, makes the and Péronne yet more of Height 76, the German gun-positions about Mt. St. Quentin are only a mile away; Mt. St. Quentin is the guardian of Péronne, and with its dominance, Péronne must fall. Combles is in a more desperate predicament. The French flank it very badly from the south, holding the avenues of supply from Rancourt northward under their guns. While from the north the British render the roads impassable with their artillery. The British, too, even before their big movement had pushed onward in the Ginchy sector, and the work they have done since holds out a most intimate threat to the village.

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By eight o'clock that evening the assault was going forward again, the village of Bouchavesnes was assaulted and carried, and the wedge pushed on beyond the high road—thus cutting one of the important lines of communication and reinforcement. On Wednesday, the gains were extended in the face of German resistance by assault; 600 yards to the east of the road the Farm of l'Abbé Wood was taken, and in the fighting the wedge was opened out by gains east of Combles, where Le Priez Farm was stormed, as well as on and beyond the ridge 76.

This new wedge, extending over a front of about four miles to a depth, at points, of a mile and a-half, makes the positions of both Combles and Péronne yet more perilous. From the ridges of Height 76, the German gun-positions about Mt. St. Quentin are only a mile away; Mt. St. Quentin is the guardian of Péronne, and with its dominance, Péronne must fall. Combles is in a more desperate predicament. The French flank it very badly from the south, holding the avenues of supply from Rancourt northward under their guns. While from the north the British render the roads impassable with their artillery. The British, too, even before their big movement had pushed onward in the Ginchy sector, and the work they have done since holds out a most intimate threat to the village.

What the British have done since has been magnificent enough. They have taken up the stride of the French assault, have vied with it in excellence and power, and have struck against Germany one of the most telling blows that has fallen since the Marne. Again let me refer to the crescendo effect of the Allied pressure. Emphatically this is an example in point. As the thrust of the French, earlier in the week, exceeded in strength and victory anything attempted previously, so the British assault initiated on Thursday was of increased and not diminished power. There is an immensity in it that must be dismaying. This attack began late on the night

of the 14th with a new, strong, and brilliant action south-east of Thiepval. Here, on a fixed front of 1000 yards, all the German defences were stormed, notwithstanding the fact that the backbone of the defence was the immensely strong Wunderwerk. With this prelude, the onslaught extended largely. By the next morning, shell-fire had devastated and our infantry had captured all the formidable works that held tight the six-mile front running from the Albert-Bapaume road to Bouleaux Wood. And, having captured these defences, our forces pushed on until they had won their way sometimes to the depth of two miles, sometimes to the depth of a mile. In the course of that victory they took the strong and considerable villages of Courcellette, which is behind

Thiepval; Martinpuich, which is above Pozières; and Flers, which holds a road-fork on the Longueval-Ligny highway. High Wood was entirely captured, with most of the wood of Bouleaux; and there seems to be a decided inclination towards Morval, which gives the thrust the air of being the final threat to Combles—a threat accentuated by the co-operative movement of the French which brought them to the fringes of Rancourt. These are the hard details of the great attack up to date; the material and moral force of so terrible a blow must have been more impressive still. Four thousand and more prisoners were captured, as well as a great deal of booty, and such a

haul seems to suggest a certain amount of demoralisation in the German defence. This demoralisation was, no doubt, partly due to the severe hammering, partly to the vigour and dash of our troops, and, perhaps considerably, to our unexpected use of those novel instruments of war, "the armoured cars." The armoured car, as it fought last week, is a new weapon of war, though it is an old weapon in fiction, for Mr. Wells employed it in a short story with a similar method many years ago. It is apparently a heavily armoured gun-vehicle which can go anywhere on caterpillar wheels.



THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE:
HONOURING THE GRAVES OF MEN WHO SAVED PARIS.

The woman is putting a contribution in a box inscribed: "For the upkeep of the graves in the arrondissement at Meaux." On another page we illustrate the service in the cathedral at Meaux, which was the nearest place to Paris reached by the Germans.—[Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.]

constructed in a style suggested by the soldiers' nickname, "Tanks." The use of the "Tank" to make straight and immune the way of the infantryman must be as incomparable as its approach must be dismaying to the defenders. And its uses will undoubtedly continue to be brought into play, for there is every indication that the fine victory of this attack has caused a serious lesion in the enemy line, and that we are at the beginning of heavier fighting and possibly greater events.

Fighting almost as dramatic in quality has been going forward in Macedonia. Here the

going to develop so irresistibly as the enemy imagines. This suggestion is backed up by the Roumanian official news, which does not mention the German victory, and is calm enough about the situation in the Dobrudja. In any case, whatever the Germans have to say about the Danube frontier, they have nothing to write home about in the matter of Transylvania. Here it is obvious the Roumanians are continuously forcing their way forward, and the latest news of their armies is that they are across the Aluta River, and are fighting east of Hermannstadt and north-west of Kronstadt. They have also stopped all river traffic on the Danube with their gun-fire. In the Carpathians the joint forces of Russia and Roumania appear to be pressing steadily westward; and on their own account the Russians have won a very signal victory over the Austrians, driving them from Kapul



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF MILITARY TRAINING: THE OFFICERS' 120 YARDS' RACE (WON BY LIEUT. LAWSON JOHNSTON) AT THE SPORTS OF THE 3RD RESERVE BATT., SCOTS GUARDS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

tentative movements of last week have accumulated in purpose, and not only have there been engagements all along the front, but there has been progress. The British began by fighting the Bulgars back over the Struma, and driving them off both to the south and north of Lake Tahinos. The movement developed forward through Machukovo, where, to the north, an enemy salient was captured. The French also advanced and captured enemy positions; while on the left the Serbians and the co-ordinated Allied force have done so well that the Bulgars are in hot retreat to Monastir, and perhaps beyond it, so swift being the pursuit of the Serbians in the Malkanitchi Range that thirty-two guns and an immense amount of booty have already fallen into their hands. All the Allied troops have done excellently in this zone, the Russians and Italians in the centre. How far this fighting will react on the Roumanian front, or the Roumanian fighting react on this, has yet to be seen. The campaign in the Dobrudja is still in a condition of ambiguity. It seems likely to me that what appeared a flashing stroke at Tutrakan is not

Mountain, north of the Kirlibaba Pass. To-day brings news of big Russian successes north of and menacing Halicz. Finally, though there is not very much space to record the Italian news, it has been notable. Our Southern Ally has joined again in the general offensive, and has done so to great purpose. The Italians have pushed a big assault both in the Dolomites and on the Carso. In the Fiemme Valley, Mount Cauriol (7727 feet) has been carried, and the defending troops practically annihilated. On the Carso a stride has been made



IN THE PIPING TIMES OF WAR: THE PIPERS' RACE (WITH PIPES PLAYING) IN THE SCOTS GUARDS (3RD RESERVE BATT.) SPORTS AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

towards Trieste, San Grado has fallen, and enemy lines south and east of Oppacchiasella have been taken. Over a thousand prisoners were captured, and the brave thrust has rounded off a particularly brave week.

LONDON: SEPT. 18, 1916.



Types



A "REGIMENTAL" BIRD

Two Italian Alpini are seen in quarters in camp. One of the thrush apparently in an ingenious photograph shows a wounded man in a dressing station. From the foliage it would seem probable

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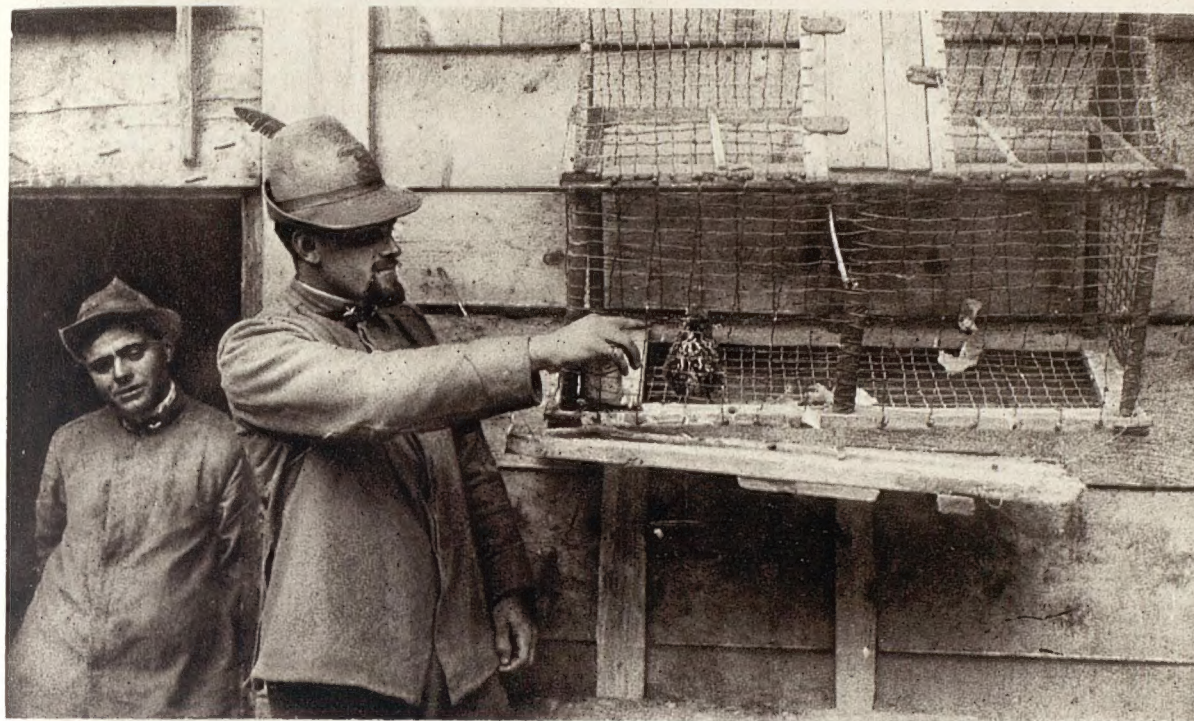


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LONDON: SEPT. 18, 1916.

Types of Italy's Soldiers: In Camp and Hospital.

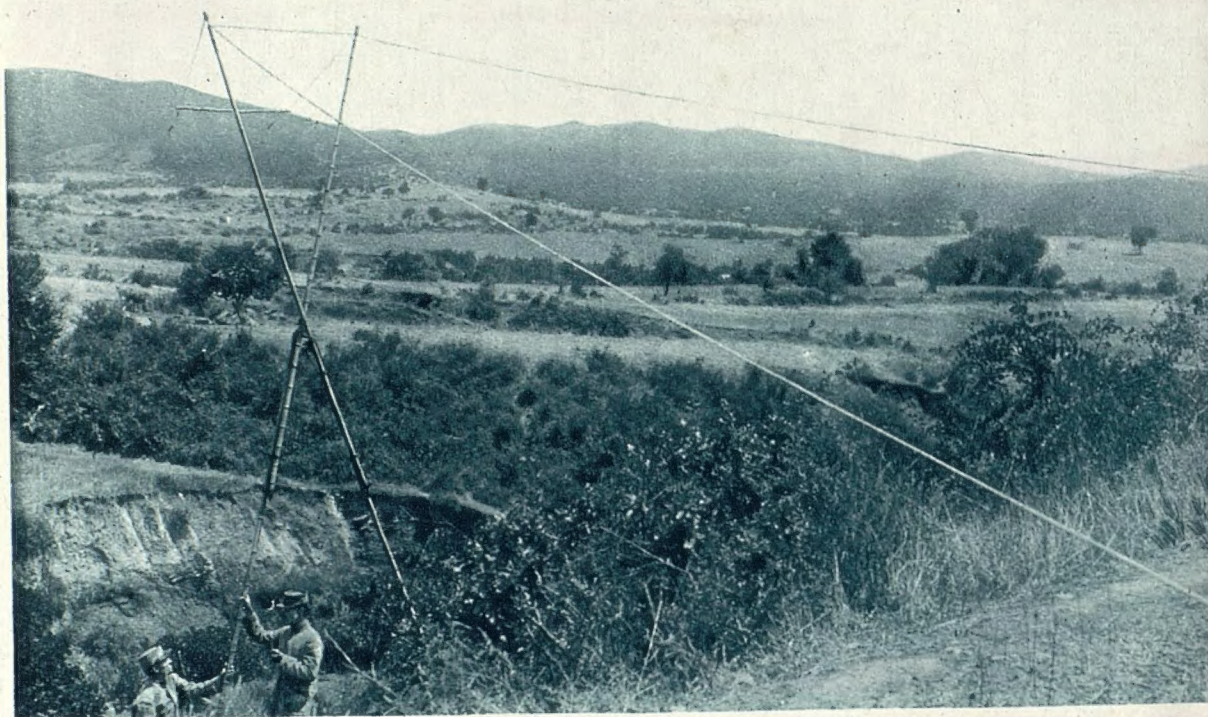


A "REGIMENTAL" BIRD; AND A HELMET DISGUISED WITH FOLIAGE: FROM THE ITALIAN FRONT.

Two Italian Alpini are seen in the upper photograph, at their quarters in camp. One of them is playing with a pet bird (a thrush apparently) in an ingeniously constructed cage. The lower photograph shows a wounded man receiving attention at a first-aid dressing station. From the fact that his helmet is disguised with foliage it would seem probable that he is a sniper. Describing

the Italian Army medical service, the "Corpo Sanitario," Mr. Sidney Low writes: "These Italian military surgeons were full of professional zeal and radiating with intelligence. It is an intelligent Army in all its sections. . . . The Italian soldier likes adorning his quarters, pulling them about, altering them, and generally working at and on them."—[Photos. by Henri Manuel.]

Scenes of the Allies' New Activity in Macedonia.



ON THE FRENCH FRONT IN MACEDONIA: A WIRELESS STATION AND AN OBSERVATION-POST.

The upper photograph shows the antennae of a French wireless station in Macedonia, and the lower one a French observation-post in the hills. "It is an imposing country," writes Mr. G. Ward Price from the British front in the Balkans, "in which the enemy and ourselves have set out our respective arrays. It has the air of having been designed for no other purpose than that of

a battlefield. The soil is thin and poor. . . . The steep, black-sided mountains have a harsh, grim look, for they have watched all sorts of armies kill each other on the plains below. . . . The brown Vardar swirls sullenly past; it has carried many corpses and washed down much blood. . . . There are hills from which you can look down upon German lines.—[French Official Photographs.]

IN THE FRENCH

The French are employing did in Gallipoli. The pr at Salonika was mentione In the above photograph neatly constructed trench Our Allies' artillery in th

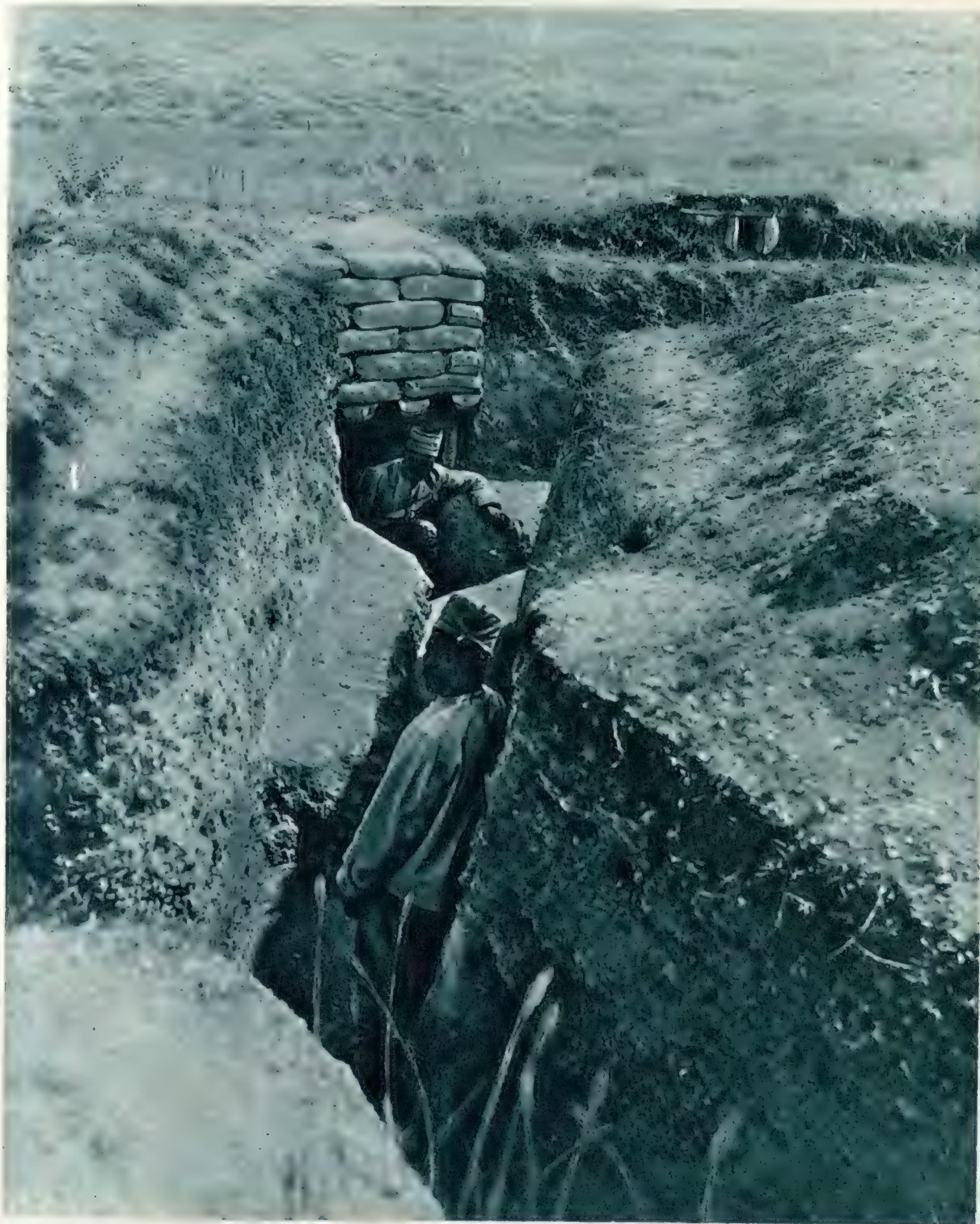
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AND AN OBSERVATION-POST.

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french African Troops Serving in Macedonia.



IN THE FRENCH TRENCHES IN MACEDONIA: AFRICAN SOLDIERS AMONG THE GUN-SHELTERS.

The French are employing African troops in Macedonia, as they did in Gallipoli. The presence of some Senegalese, for instance, at Salonika was mentioned at the landing of the Italians there. In the above photograph African soldiers are seen among the neatly constructed trench-shelters at a French gun-position. Our Allies' artillery in that region has recently been very active.

On the 13th it was stated: "The bombardment continues to be very lively. . . . On both sides of the Vardar the Allied artillery violently bombarded the Bulgarian organisations north of Matchukovo and of Majadag. . . . South-west of Lake Ostrovo our artillery has set on fire several places occupied by the Bulgarians."—[French Official Photograph.]



Some of the 17,000 Prisoners Taken by the Italian



MEN WHO OFTEN CAN ONLY CONVERSE WITH THEIR CAPTORS IN ENGLISH.
After the fall of Gorizia it was stated that 15,393 prisoners were taken by the Italians, and shortly afterwards 1639 more were brought in. Lord Northcliffe, writing from the Isonzo front, said: "I went out to see 13,000 of these stout fellows just captured in this offensive. They reminded me exactly of the raw, lusty labourers who used to land from emigrant-ships at

Army: Austrian



A LARGE GROUP OF AUSTRIAN
Quebec before the war and were drafted
that so many Italian and Austrian
the only language in which they can

Taken by the Italian

Army: Austrians Captured at the Battle of Gorizia.



A LARGE GROUP OF AUSTRIAN PRISONERS IN THE HANDS OF THE ITALIANS.

Quebec before the war and were drafted out to make the great transcontinental railways of Canada. . . . Owing to the fact that so many Italian and Austrian soldiers have worked in the United States and Canada, it often happens that English is the only language in which they can mutually converse."—[Photograph issued by the Italian Supreme Command.]

WITH THEIR CAPTORS IN ENGLISH
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THE BEGINNINGS OF WAR-MACHINES: SIGNALLING APPARATUS.

WIRELESS telegraphy, the latest development in signalling, plays such an indispensable part in modern warfare that a review of its forerunners is of peculiar interest at the present moment.

The transmission of signals by sight and sound dates from the very earliest ages, and, although some writers attribute the invention of the first signalling system to Palamedes, at the time of the Trojan War (about 1174 B.C.), there is no doubt that methods of transmitting messages over distances were in use amongst the Egyptians and Persians at a much earlier date. Before the end of the Trojan war the Greeks had so far developed the art of signalling that they were able to transmit the knowledge of their victory to their mother country by means of fire and smoke signals. A very ingenious instrument—a "clepsydra" (Figs. 1 and 6)—said to have been invented by the Greek soldier Arnias, consisted of a tall vessel containing water, having a hole at the bottom stopped by a removable plug. A cork carrying a vertical rod or mast floated on the water, the mast being provided with horizontal strips one above another, on which were written such messages as were likely to be required (Fig. 6—A). Exactly similar vessels were placed at the sending and receiving stations, the system being worked as follows: Both vessels being full of water, a torch or flag raised and lowered at the sending station called attention to the fact that a message was about to be transmitted. The signal was acknowledged in a similar manner by the receiving station. When the torch at the sending station was again raised the plugs in both the vessels were removed (Fig. 6—B). Powerful telescopes enabled each tower to keep its neighbours under observation, although in some cases ten or eleven miles distant.

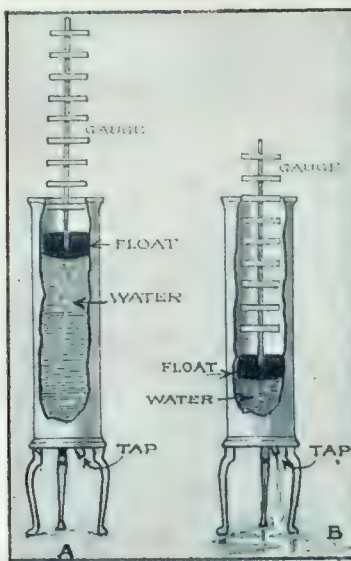


FIG. 6. THE WATER-CLOCK PRINCIPLE: AN ANCIENT GREEK "CLEPSYDRA" SIGNALLING CODE. A shows position of gauge before torch signals no outflow. B shows water flowing out and lowering gauge to reading-point. Each cross-bar bore a set message, which was conveyed by the time the torch was held up, the receiving station having an exactly similar "clepsydra." (See Fig. 1 and Article).

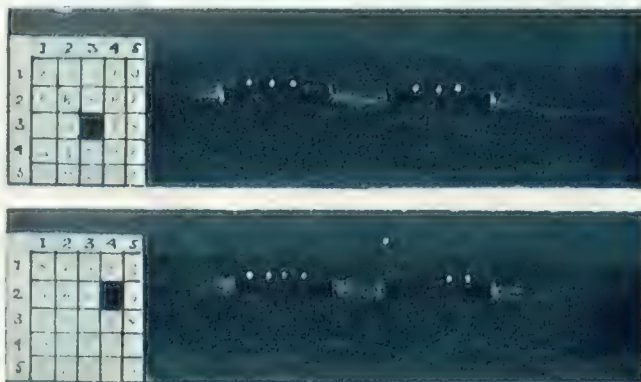


FIG. 7. THE ALPHABETICAL PRINCIPLE IN SIGNALLING: THE METHOD OF POLYBIUS SHOWN IN DIAGRAM. In each square is a letter of the Greek alphabet. The columns are numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, along the top and down the left side. The number of torch-lights on the left shows in which column the letter is; those on the right its position in the column. See Fig. 3 and Article.

When the torch at the sending station was again raised the plugs in both the vessels were removed (Fig. 6—B). Powerful telescopes enabled each tower to keep its neighbours under observation, although in some cases ten or eleven miles distant.

torch was lowered and the plugs replaced. This system, though reliable, was very limited in scope, as only set messages could be transmitted. A method devised for transmitting any message was perfected by the Greek Polybius at a somewhat later date. In this case the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet were transcribed on tablets in five vertical columns, a tablet being supplied to the sending and also to the receiving stations.

To operate this system, two opaque screens or fences about ten feet long and six feet high were erected at the sending station, the screens being placed in a line some little distance apart. Three men, with five torches at their disposal, were stationed behind each screen (Fig. 3). In order to signify a given letter, a number of torches equal to the number of the column in which the letter appeared were shown over the left-hand screen, and a number equal to its position in the column over the right-hand screen (Fig. 7).

The receiving station was provided with two horizontal sight tubes (shown in Fig. 3), or telescopes without lenses, one of which was set to bear on the right-hand screen at the sending station, the other on the left-hand screen. By this means the observer's field of vision was confined to the particular screen he had under observation.

The Romans employed fire and smoke signals for transmitting messages between permanent towers or stations throughout their vast empire. Semaphore signals were first used in France about 1794, and in England a year later, when a chain of towers provided with semaphore arms was erected to connect the Admiralty in London with Portsmouth, Sheerness, Deal, and other ports (Figs. 4 and 5). Powerful telescopes enabled each tower to keep its neighbours under observation, although in some cases ten or eleven miles distant.

(Continued opposite.)



The Beg



BEFORE TELEGRAPHY

Continued.
As a message could be delivered in minutes, the system was certainly the days of the electric telegraph. Very little use was made of the last message was sent over the signalling systems of the p

APPARATUS.

plugs replaced. This is very limited in scope, and could be transmitted. A fitting any message was Polybius at a somewhat the twenty-four letters of inscribed on tablets in vertical columns, a tablet applied to the sending and the receiving stations. To operate this system, two screens or fences about long and six feet high erected at the sending and the screens being placed some little distance apart. Three men, with five torches at their disposal, were stationed behind each screen. In order to signify a letter, a number of torches were shown over the screen, and a number indicated its position in the alphabet (Fig. 7).

At the receiving station was another screen with two horizontal bars (shown in Fig. 3), or without lenses, one of which was set to bear on the right-hand screen at the sending station and the other on the left-hand screen. By this means the field of vision was limited to the particular screen under observation.

The Romans employed fire and smoke signals for transmitting messages between permanent towers or stations throughout their vast empire. Semaphore signals were first used in France about 1794, and in England a year later, when a chain of towers provided with semaphore arms was erected to connect the Admiralty in London with Portsmouth, Sheerness, Deal, and other ports (Figs. 4 and 5). Each tower enabled each tower to be observed, although many miles distant.

[Continued opposite.]



The Beginnings of War-Machines: Signalling Apparatus.



1
CLEPSYDRA
SIGNALLING



2
ROMAN
WATCH TOWER
AND SIGNAL



3
GREEK ALPHABETICAL
METHOD OF SIGNALS



4
18th CENTURY SEMAPHORE TOWERS.



5

BEFORE TELEGRAPHY: GREEK AND ROMAN SIGNALS, AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SEMAPHORES.

[Continued.]

As a message could be delivered to Portsmouth in about fifteen minutes, the system was certainly of very considerable value before the days of the electric telegraph, which eventually superseded it. Very little use was made of this signal line after 1815, and the last message was sent over it in December 1847. Amongst all the signalling systems of the past or present, the international flag

code stands alone, in that by its means intelligible communication can be established between vessels of different nationalities, even though no one can speak or understand a word of the other's language. Further information on ancient methods of signalling may be found in the "Cornhill Magazine" for January 1898, and in "La Science et la Vie" for May 1916.—[Drawn by W. B. Robinson.]

East and West: Wire and a "Miss-fire."



ON THE FRENCH EASTERN FRONT AND OUR WESTERN FRONT: WIRE AND AN UNEXPLODED SHELL.

In Macedonia, as in France and Flanders, there are long lines of trenches protected by miles of barbed-wire entanglements. A typical section of this wire on the French front near Salonika is shown in the upper photograph, with a soldier on guard in the long grass to the left. The lower photograph was taken in the British lines on the Western front. It shows a large German

shell, which failed to explode, with its nose buried in the ground and the other end protruding. Placed beside it, in order to indicate its great size, is a smaller shell of the type commonly known as a "whiz-bang." Many nicknames have been given at various times to the enemy's big shells. To-day they are often called "crumps."—[French and British Official Photographs.]

Sept. 20, 1916

The



A VITAL ELEMENT

Empty petrol-cans, well d
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for conveying water to our
photograph, taken on our f
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to the trenches. In the lov

s-fire."



AN UNEXPLODED SHELL.

with its nose buried in the ground. Placed beside it, in order to indicate its size, is a common shell of the type commonly known as a "daisy." To-day they are often called "daisy shells." [Official Photographs.]

The Water-Supply for British Armies in the field.



A VITAL ELEMENT IN SUPPLIES FOR THE TROOPS: WATER IN PETROL-CANS; AND CHLORINATION.

Empty petrol-cans, well deodorised—we may be sure—of the flavour of their former contents, have been found useful receptacles for conveying water to our troops in the trenches. The upper photograph, taken on our front in France, shows a collection of such cans filled from the filtering-carts, and ready to be taken up to the trenches. In the lower photograph, which comes from the

British front near Salonika, is illustrated one of the medical precautions taken in connection with the supply of drinking-water to the men. It shows a tank of water being chlorinated. An adequate supply of good water is, of course, one of the first essentials to be considered in conducting a campaign, and this alone involves an immense amount of work and organisation.—[Official Photos.]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: XV.—THE 2ND DORSETSHIRE.

HEROISM ON THE HIGH SEAS.

IT does not often fall to foot-soldiers to prove their quality at sea, but that distinction was won in 1857 by the old 54th, now the 2nd Dorsetshire Regiment, which holds among its noblest traditions the conduct of its officers and men during the burning of the *Sarah Sands*. The story is as fine as that other sea-adventure of British infantry, the wreck of the *Birkenhead*; but it has a happier ending, for not one life was lost in this struggle with two elements—fire and water.

The *Sarah Sands*, transport of 2000 tons burthen, Captain Castle, was bound for India, with a large part of the 54th, detailed for service in the suppression of the Mutiny. Together with the ship's crew, the number of persons on board—men, women, and children—was about 400. On Nov. 11 the vessel had reached a point about 400 miles from Mauritius. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the cargo in the hold was discovered to be on fire. The alarm was given, the crew went to fire-quarters, and the soldiers were mustered under Lieut. Colonel Moffat, who, with Captain Castle, devised measures for maintaining discipline and fighting the flames. While the sailors took in sail and brought the ship before the wind, the soldiers rigged the fire-engine and ran out lengths of hose.

In a few minutes they were pouring a deluge of water upon the burning mass in the hold, while separate parties toiled at removing the still unignited stores. The water, however, had little effect, and the increasing density of the smoke soon drove out the men who were working below. It was clear that the fire must certainly spread further, and endanger the magazines. The star-board magazine was still comparatively easily accessible, and from this the soldiers, not without risk, removed and heaved over-board all the ammunition. But the port magazine was another matter. It was already so near the fire and so densely enveloped in smoke that Colonel Moffat hesitated to command men to approach it. He accordingly called for volunteers, and did not call in vain. A party at once sprang forward, rushed to the magazine, and cleared it out, except a barrel or two of powder, which not even the boldest could reach. The heat and

smoke were now unbearable; several of the volunteers were overpowered, and were hauled up senseless.

Although the danger of the most serious explosion was now past, the situation was still perilous in the extreme, for the flames continued to make headway. They burst through the decks

[Continued overleaf.]



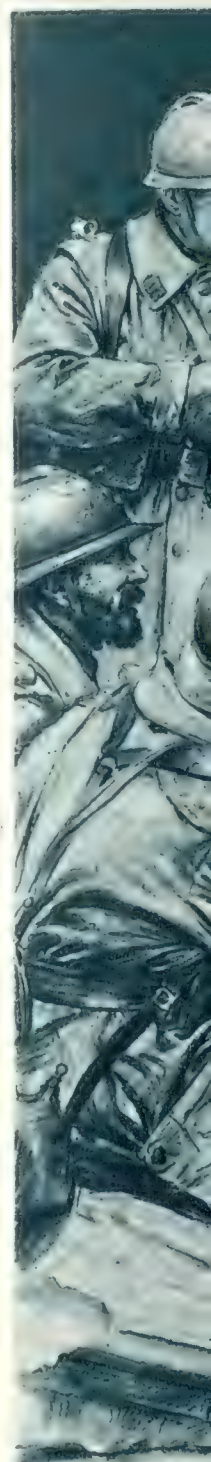
WOUNDED GERMANS TAKEN AT GUILLEMONT. WELL TREATED BY THEIR BRITISH CAPTORS: A REST BY THE ROAD-SIDE—SHOWING BRITISH AND GERMAN HELMETS.

Official Photograph. Crown Copyright Reserved.



SAND-BAGS FOR BRIDGE-BUILDING: BRITISH TROOPS CROSSING A TRENCH ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph. Crown Copyright Reserved.



"BLEUET ET E"

Here are seen two general recruits, known as a blue uniform, is the centre (are called) who beam the elder type, as seen Mr. Ward Price: "T

ND DORSETSHIRE.

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They burst through the decks

[Continued overleaf.]



ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Two Generations of the French "Poilu."



"BLEUET ET BRISCARDS": A YOUNG FRENCH RECRUIT IN A GROUP OF HARDENED VETERANS.

Here are seen two generations of French fighting men. A young recruit, known as a *bleuet* (cornflower) from the colour of his new uniform, is the centre of a group of veterans (*briscards*, as they are called) who beam upon him with good-humoured approval. The elder type, as seen at Salonika, was well described recently by Mr. Ward Price: "There stood a group of Frenchmen, bearded

and sunburnt, two years ago *pères de famille* in some sleepy French provincial town, driving some honest handicraft by day, spending their evenings over cards at a *café*, fishing in the river on Sunday, and never thinking so much as to leave their native departments again; and yet here they are as soldiers, hardened to the service by two years of military life."—[Drawn by J. Simont.]

and seized the cabins, and, to make matters worse, the wind rose to a gale. Captain Castle ordered the boats to be lowered, and this was done without accident. The women and children were put safely into the lifeboat, and as many of the soldiers as could be accommodated, moving with the order and steadiness of parade, embarked on the other boats at the word of command. Panic there was none. The boats were cast off, and were ordered



THE CANADIAN FORESTRY BATTALION IN DEVON: MAKING A RAILROAD THROUGH A WOOD, WHERE THE WORK WILL BE TOO HEAVY FOR HORSES.
Photograph by Sport and General.

to keep within reach until further orders. The crew and the rest of the troops then resumed their grim battle with the flames, which had taken almost complete hold of the vessel. All the saloons and state-rooms were now ablaze, and at nine o'clock the fire attacked the upper deck and the mizzen rigging. The remaining barrels of powder exploded, and blew out the port quarter of the ship. Through the hole the water rushed, but it was stopped to some extent with sails and blankets. Gangs toiled without rest at the pumps, and bailing parties did good service with buckets. For hours other relays dashed water on the iron after-bulkhead to keep it cool, and so at last checked the further spread of the flames. Soldiers and sailors alike went up into the blazing rigging and extinguished the fire there with wet blankets. At two o'clock in the morning the fire was got under. At daybreak it was out.

But the situation was still almost desperate, for the after-part of the ship was a mere shell, which threatened to go to pieces in the gale. The water-tanks broke loose, and banged about from side to side as the hulk rolled in the heavy seas. But, by superhuman efforts, hawsers were passed round the stern, and the battered *Sarah Sands* still held together somehow. The boats had kept touch, and their occupants were got on

board the ship again, by a miracle of good management and discipline. The gig had been swamped, but its crew was rescued. For thirty-six hours longer all hands manned the pumps, and at last the hulk was sufficiently cleared of water to be fairly navigable. Then Captain Castle headed for Mauritius, which he reached in eight days, with his full complement alive and well. Never had such an apology for a ship come safely into

port. Longshoremen at Mauritius were puzzled when the queer-looking craft first hove in sight. When she came in and her story was told, the public enthusiasm was unbounded. The 54th had put another victory to their credit; and, if it was not one that they could inscribe on their colours, it remains as gallant and glorious an achievement as any they have won in the field.

Their colours, by the way, played a memorable part in the affair, and gave the regiment yet another chance of proving its discipline and devotion. When the fire was at its height, someone remembered that the emblems of regimental honour were in the after-part of the saloon. To save them seemed almost

hopeless, for a barrier of flame and smoke cut off that part of the ship; but Quartermaster Richmond determined to make the attempt. He rushed below, fought his way to the saloon, snatched up the Queen's colour and brought it on deck, which he reached only to fall down fainting and half-suffocated. When he revived a little, he would not be kept from a second attempt, and, taking Private Wills with him, he



MOROCCAN MUSIC ON THE SOMME FRONT: PERFORMERS AT A CAMP CONCERT IMPROVISED BY SPAHIS IN FRANCE.
Photograph by Photopress.

went below once more. Their comrades scarcely expected to see the two men again, but in a few moments they staggered back, bringing with them the regimental colour.



VERY FORMIDABLE

The trench-mortar bomb which have come into charge of high-explosive. The great size of the gun from which it is discharged makes it comparatively short range.

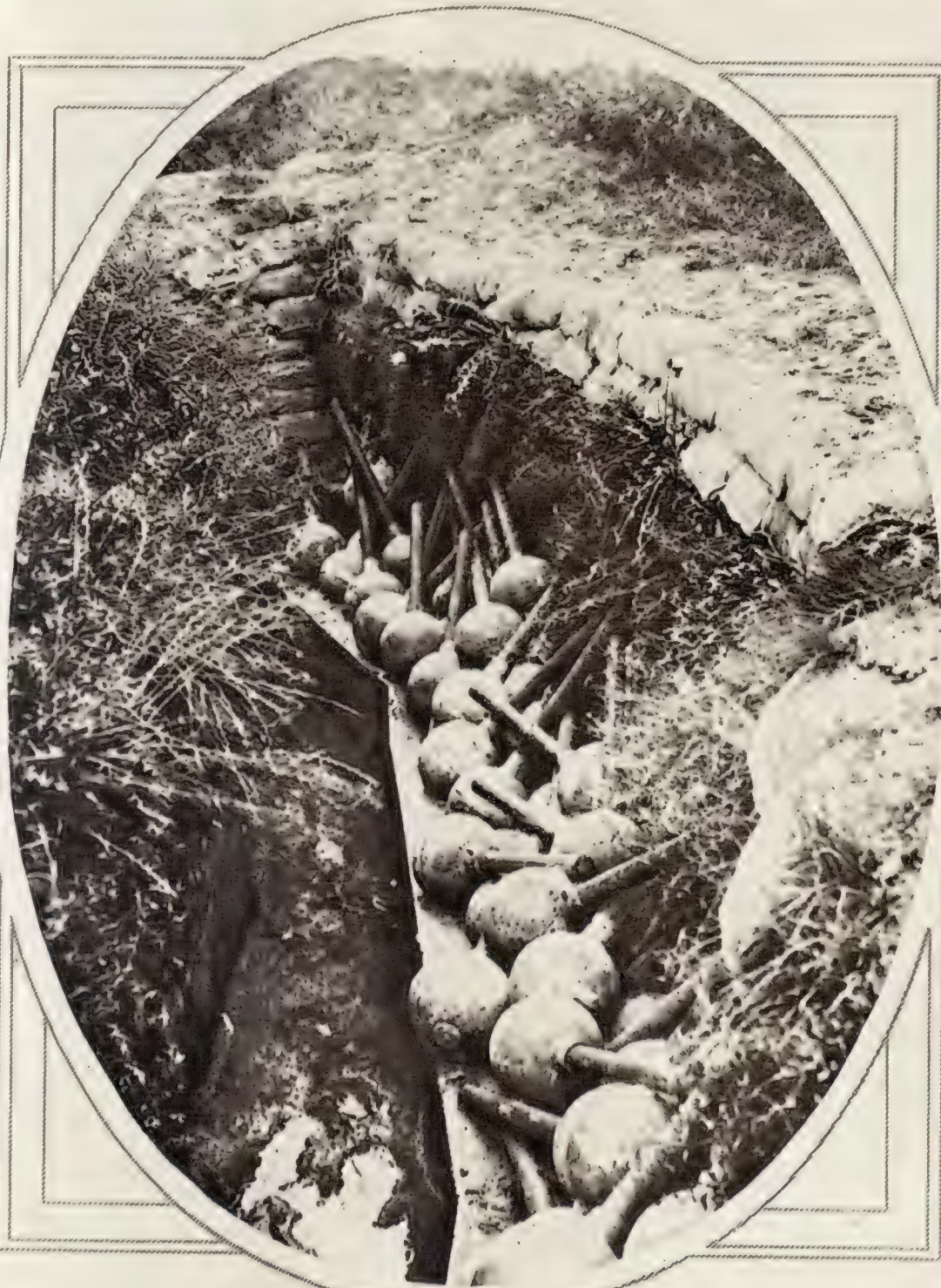
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PERFORMERS AT A CAMP
HIS IN FRANCE.

Their comrades scarcely
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Big Missiles fired from a Little Gun.



VERY FORMIDABLE PROJECTILES: TRENCH-MORTAR BOMBS IN A RESERVE TRENCH, READY FOR USE.

The trench-mortar bomb is one of the most formidable missiles which have come into use in trench-warfare. It carries a big charge of high-explosive, the effects of which are very destructive. The great size of the bomb looks disproportionate to the small gun from which it is discharged, for it is fired, of course, at a comparatively short range, from trench to trench, and a big gun

is therefore not necessary. Each bomb, it will be seen, is attached to a long bar or rod, which is fitted into the bore of the gun for firing. The photograph, taken recently on the British front, shows the manner in which a supply of these projectiles is kept at hand in the trenches ready for immediate use. Their value has already been proved over and over again.—[Official Photograph.]

The Prime Minister at the front in the West.



A PERSONAL VISIT OF INSPECTION: MR. ASQUITH SPENDS THREE DAYS AMONG THE BRITISH TROOPS.

The Premier recently returned from a visit to the Army in France, during which he spent three busy days inspecting many details of life at the Front, exploring old German trenches and dug-outs, talking with the wounded and the staffs at a casualty clearing station, visiting the headquarters of the Royal Flying Corps, conferring with heads of departments at General Headquarters, visiting

Canadian troops, and seeing batteries in action. Our first photograph shows Mr. Asquith looking, not without a shrewd, quiet smile, at captured German ammunition; and in our second he is seen looking with interest at some of our great howitzer shells. The Prime Minister's visit proved of great interest to himself and to the troops.—[Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved.]

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LOADING A BI

It has long been recognized that the enemy's entrenchment force of big guns, explosive shells until the advance of infantry, the British and French

the West.



S AMONG THE BRITISH TROOPS.

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with looking, not without a shrewd, quiet
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rest at some of our great howitzer shells.
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photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved.]



A Big British Gun for Smashing German Trenches.



LOADING A BIG HOWITZER ON THE WESTERN FRONT: GUNNERS LOWERING A SHELL INTO POSITION.

It has long been recognised that the only way to break through the enemy's entrenched positions is to bring up an overwhelming force of big guns, and to keep on pounding away with high-explosive shells until a path has been sufficiently cleared for an advance of infantry. Happily for the hopes of the Allied cause, the British and French Armies on the Western front now possess

an immense and ever-growing weight of heavy artillery, which is telling gradually on the German defence. Here we see a British gun-team loading one of our big howitzers with its formidable shell. "The gunners," says one observer, "do not deal in blood like the infantry, and the work of smashing up the Boche is to them merely a scientific process."—[Official Photograph.]



"It is the Voice of the Guns that Speaks Here": A British Heavy Howitzer



WITH ITS HUGE SHELL READY TO BE HOISTED INTO THE BREECH FOR FIRING ONE OF THE BRITISH A

This is one of the "heavies" of the British artillery—the monster howitzers which have wrought such havoc in the German defences. One of its enormous projectiles is lying on the ground to the left, attached to the chains of the pulley above by which it is hoisted on to the slide behind the gun and then inserted into the breech. That stage in the operation is illustrated

in another photograph in this from the British Headquarters, they are rocking with a greater

the Guns that Speak Here": A Big British Howitzer in Action.



STED INTO THE BREECH FOR FIRING ONE OF THE BRITISH ARTILLERY'S HEAVY HOWITZERS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

which have wrought such havoc in the German lines. . . . To-night as I write from the British Headquarters, Mr. Philip Gibbs said: "It is the voice of the guns that speaks here. . . . they are rocking with a greater thunder than usual in a mighty bombardment along our own and the French lines."—[Official Photograph.]

Mud and Haulage on the British front.



LABOUR THAT LEADS TO VICTORY: DRAGGING A LEWIS GUN-CARRIAGE, AND UNLOADING TIMBER.

These photographs, both taken recently on the British front in the West, afford a little glimpse into the immense amount of work of various kinds incidental to the advance of a big army. In the foreground of the upper photograph men are seen hauling the gun-carriage of a Lewis gun through a sea of mud, the result of recent heavy rains, in which the wheels have sunk up to the axle.

In the background are seen all the busy activities of a camp. The lower photograph shows men unloading from motor-lorries great baulks of timber to be used as props, no doubt in building trench-shelters and other structures. On the speed and efficiency with which this supplementary labour is performed the success of fighting operations largely depends.—[Official Photographs.]



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In all the fortified vi the advance, they hav large numbers of c shows two British sol entrance to one of th part of the ruins of

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GE, AND UNLOADING TIMBER.

seen all the busy activities of a camp. The men unloading from motor-lorries great used as props, no doubt in building trench-ctures. On the speed and efficiency with labour is performed the success of fighting ds.—[Official Photographs.]

Where Germans were Hunted from Deep Dug-Outs.



LAI D OPEN BY BRITISH SHELLS: CELLARS AND CAVITIES WHICH HELD HUNDREDS OF GERMANS.

In all the fortified villages which our troops have captured during the advance, they have had to rout out from cellars and dug-outs large numbers of concealed Germans. The upper photograph shows two British soldiers billeted in a wrecked cottage, with the entrance to one of these cellars visible. In the lower one is seen part of the ruins of Montauban, with similar cavities. "I saw

here," wrote Mr. Philip Gibbs, "the awful result of that great gun-fire which I had watched from the centre of our batteries. That bombardment had annihilated the German position. Even many of the dug-outs, going 30 ft. deep below the earth and strongly timbered and cemented, had been choked with masses of earth."—[Official Photographs.]

In Memory of the Victims at Senlis in 1914.



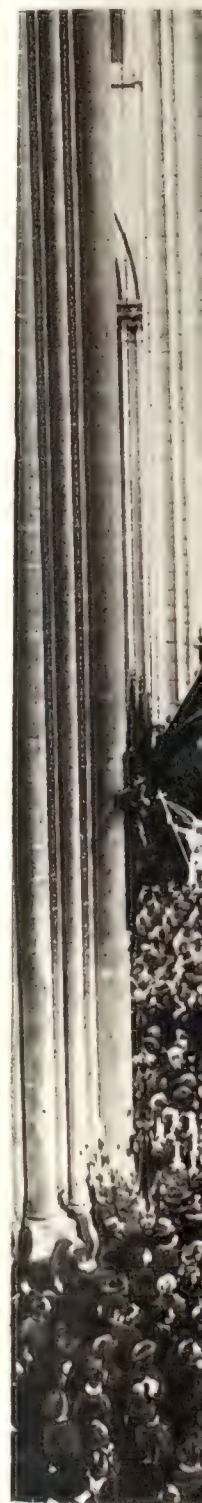
"REMEMBER 1914!" THE DEPUTY AND THE WIFE OF THE SOUS-PREFET BEFORE GRAVES OF VICTIMS.

Two years ago von Kluck stopped at Senlis in his ambitious march on Paris, and, it was said authoritatively, committed savage atrocities. "A soldier," it was said, "shot one German soldier and wounded another as the forces entered the town. The German commander then assembled the Mayor of the town and five other leading citizens and forced them to kneel before graves which had

already been dug . . . The six citizens were then taken to a neighbouring field and shot . . . The town was then pillaged, and was fired in several places before it was evacuated." The anniversary was marked by the Deputy making a moving speech before the graves of the victims, and the wife of the sous-prefet recited with passionate emotion.—[French Official Photographs.]



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THE ANNIVERSARY

The second anniversary in September 1914, by back from their advance last year, with great thousands of Parisians point to Paris to which

enlis in 1914.



REFET BEFORE GRAVES OF VICTIMS.

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A Thanksgiving for the Victory that Saved Paris.

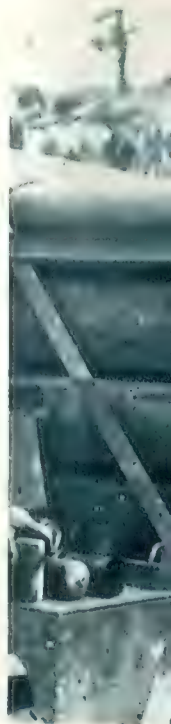


THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE: A CELEBRATION IN MEAUX CATHEDRAL.

The second anniversary of the great Battle of the Marne, fought in September 1914, by which the German invaders were thrown back from their advance on Paris, was celebrated in France, as last year, with great enthusiasm. On Sunday, September 10, thousands of Parisians made pilgrimage to Meaux, the nearest point to Paris to which the Germans had penetrated, and joined in a

religious celebration. Our photograph shows the interior of the cathedral at Meaux during the service. The Bishop of Arras, Monsignor Lobbedey, is in the pulpit preaching. Among the congregation one seems to recognise President Poincaré, about midway across the church on a line level with the lower part of the pulpit. At the back may be noted a big Union Jack.—[Photo. Rol.]

[Continued overleaf]



The inflation of 1918 is shown in the upper part of the diagram. It can be seen the apparatus was not performed. A close illustration. After the war, Mr. G. H.

MINING UNFORTUNATE!

something would prevent him through to the terminus," and

to the first trench. The British snaffled all the defence with its melling. The first trench was pulp th, and certain pit-holes. Henry

left behind a little by the move- r men. He had tried to negotiate melled trench that larger fellows ple enough, and had tripped and his deepish hole—an untouched

German trench. As he fell he n something soft that squealed. and there were three Germans, hands up, and their trembling

lips mouthing "Kamerad, Kamerad," like automatic pianos.

Henry came to his senses quickly. He surveyed his captives with sharp eyes.

"Got any arms," he asked, and one pointed out—in English—that they had no arms. "Right-o," continued Henry. "You shin up that bank, and march one-time to the rear. Get along."

The Germans blinked at him.

take us?" the one with English

min' fear," said Henry. "Got ter to do up the 'ill." The Man translated; he received advice, he

No good. You shall take us. ners. The English kill us if we

a crumpet," snapped Henry; he o be in at the death. "We don't avvee. You get along, now."

ed at him.

us," said the linguist again. "We an' out o' this," yelled Henry. no time on you. I'm busy."

[Continued overleaf.]

french Superiority in the Air: A Captive Balloon.



AT A FRENCH AVIATION PARK ON THE SOMME FRONT: A CAPTIVE BALLOON BEING INFLATED.

The inflation of the gas-bag of a French observation-balloon is shown in the upper photograph, and in the right background may be seen the apparatus of gas-cylinders by which the operation is performed. A close view of this apparatus is given in the lower illustration. After a recent visit to the French Army on the Somme, Mr. G. H. Perris wrote: "Perhaps the clearest and most

important advantage the Allies have had in the Somme offensive is the dominant superiority of their air services. . . . At one point on the Santerre plateau I counted 23 French 'sausages' (kite-balloons) dragging at a great height upon their cables, and only 2 that could be German, of which one was doubtful. . . . I . . . was deeply impressed. . . ."—[French Official Photographs.]

"You shall take us," reiterated the German. "We your prisoners."

"You go to blazes!" shouted Henry. "I've got an appointment. Stay here and take what you get, if you like."

He began to clamber out of the trench. The linguist—he was a fine, hefty man—put out his hand. Henry's progress ceased. Henry came glissading down the bank covered in grit and oaths. The motive power of his descent was the large hand of the large Hun applied neatly to the slack of Henry's trousers.

"Look here, you blighters," shouted Henry in the wildest rage—he saw that he would have the dickens of a job to catch up with the advance and be in at the death. "Look here, you hugly louts, if you try any tricks like that, I'll soon settle you."

"We your prisoners," said the German. "You take us at rear."

"I'll jolly well show you," yelled Henry beside himself with anxiety to get on. "Up that bank with you now." He advanced his bayonet,

reacted in opposite directions. Henry sat down on the bank. The big German stood before him holding the rifle.

"We your prisoners," the fellow said blandly. "You shall take us at rear. I carry your rifle."

Henry all but wept with frustrated rage.

"Look here," he snarled. "I won't 'ave this. I'll report you. I've got a very special order to go up that hill."

"We your prisoners," said the bland German. "You take us at rear. I hold your rifle—see."

Henry could see. He held the rifle, and the cut-off and the safety-catch was out, and his fingers were curiously near the trigger—there might easily be an accident.

"You take us at rear, see. I hold your rifle—see. It is heavy. You act in a 'swanky' way to give it me—see. But I hold it."

Henry looked at the German. He was a very big German.

And he had that rifle. He got up. Perhaps he could carry it off with a bit of swank. . . . But he thought of his girl



AFTER THE TAKING OF GUILLEMONT: GERMAN PRISONERS ACTING AS STRETCHER-BEARERS FOR ONE OF OUR WOUNDED.

Official Photograph. Crown Copyright Reserved.



AFTER THE TAKING OF GUILLEMONT: WOUNDED COMING IN THROUGH BARBED WIRE.

Official Photograph. Crown Copyright Reserved.

and he thumbed out his "cut-off" meaningly.

A large hand was placed on his chest. A large hand clasped his rifle. Both hands

and his friends at home. "Out of it again," he groaned. He shepherded the sheep who were shepherding him up the bank and rearwards.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



AT A FRENCH FIR

The Moroccan troops of service in the war in E photograph, at a first-aid wounded in the hand, is others are waiting. In filled with medical applian

Sept. 20, 1916

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THROUGH BARBED WIRE.

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W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

Moroccans Wounded in the Service of France.



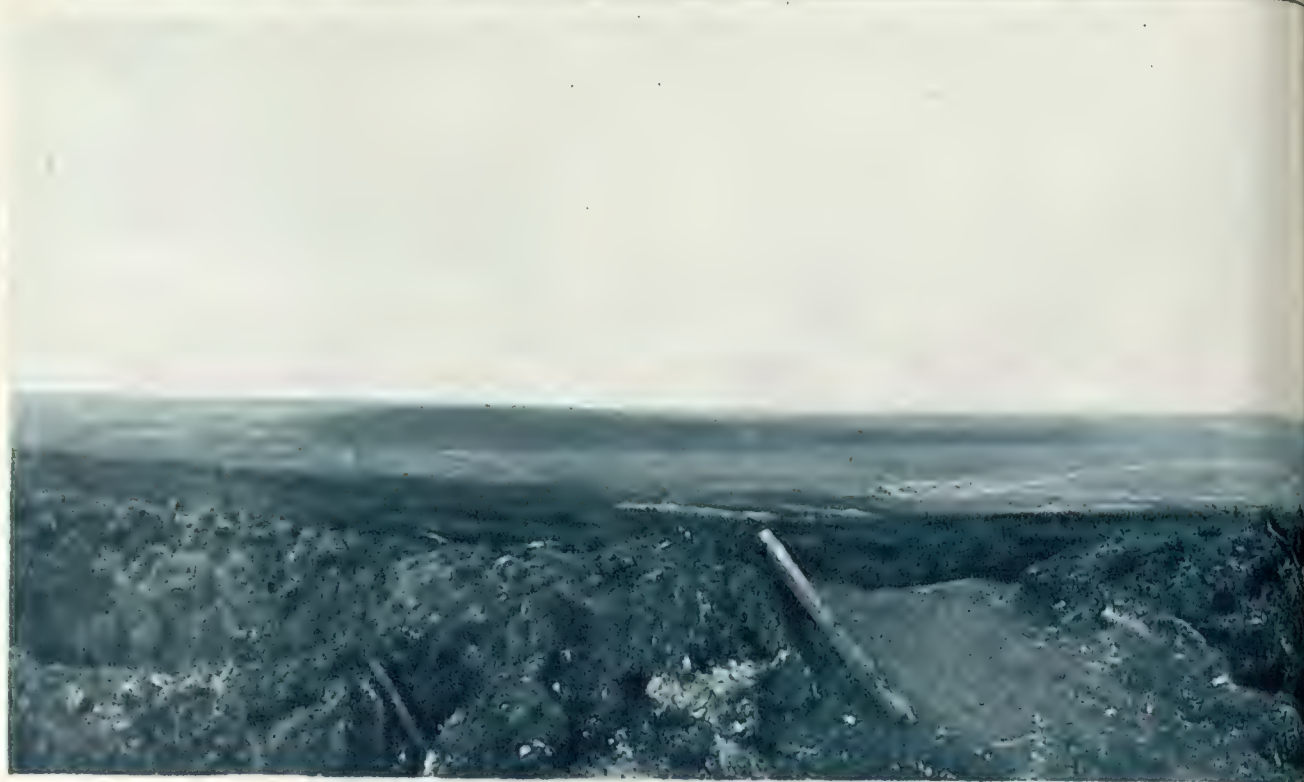
AT A FRENCH FIRST-AID DRESSING-STATION: A WOUNDED MOROCCAN HAVING HIS HAND BANDAGED.

The Moroccan troops of the French colonial forces have done fine service in the war in Europe. Some of them are seen in our photograph, at a first-aid dressing-station behind the lines. One, wounded in the hand, is being bandaged by an Army surgeon, while others are waiting. In the foreground on the left is a box well-filled with medical appliances. The efficiency of the French service

de santé has often been noted. Writing from the Somme front recently, Mr. Laurence Jerrold says: "Just behind the firing-line the business and the industry of war are being carried on by France with an earnestness and a thoroughness that no one can imagine who has not seen the various French Army services at work."—[Photo. by Manuel.]



The Great Battlefield North of the Somme Panoramic Views



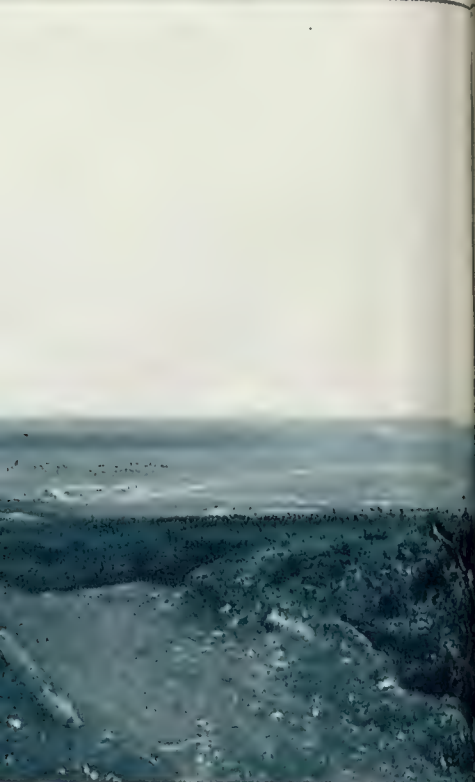
NEAR EITHER END OF THE TWENTY-MILE FRONT ON WHICH THE GREAT BRITISH

These photographs—the upper one a panorama of Mametz and the lower of Thiepval—give a good general view of the country in which our troops have been fighting so heroically. Mametz was captured by the Gordons. "These keen fighting-men," wrote Mr. Philip Gibbs, "rushed forward with great enthusiasm until they reached one end of the village of Mametz, and then quite suddenly

OFFENSIVE WAS BEGUN: MAM

they were faced by rapid machine Thiepval, converted by the enemy gallant Worcesters and Wiltshires

North of the Somme Panoramic Views on the British front.



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OFFENSIVE WAS BEGUN: MAMETZ, IN THE SOUTH, AND THIEPVAL, IN THE NORTH.
they were faced by rapid machine-gun fire and a storm of bombs. . . . At the end of the day Mametz remained in our hands."
Thiepval, converted by the enemy into a formidable stronghold, was long a centre of fierce fighting. It was there that the
gallant Worcesters and Wiltshires defeated the Prussian Guard.—[Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved.]

Two forms of Red Cross Effort in London.



UNDER THE RED CROSS: WORKERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY; AND A BRITISH GIFT TO ITALY.

Since the closing of the Royal Academy Exhibition the Red Cross holds sway again at Burlington House, where are the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John Central Work-Rooms for the supply of hospital necessities and comforts for the wounded at home and abroad. In the upper photograph Lady Arbuthnot Lane (standing), the wife of the well-known surgeon, is seen there with

her workers, who are making body-bandages. The lower shows the Italian Ambassador, Marchese Imperiali, acknowledging the gift of a motor field-operating theatre for the Italian Army, presented, on behalf of the Wounded Allies' Relief Committee, by Sir William Collins, F.R.C.S. (left). The ceremony took place at Aldford House.—[Photos. by Sport and General and Central Press.]

Men w



AN ATTACK AND SO

The capture of German g infantry has taken place, f enemy's lines. In the upper attack is like. It shows who, along with the Worcer the Prussian Guard near T

n London.



A BRITISH GIFT TO ITALY.

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Sept. 20, 1916

Men who Capture Guns; and Guns Captured.



AN ATTACK AND SOME FRUITS OF ATTACK: WILTSHIRES ADVANCING; AND CAPTURED GERMAN GUNS.

The capture of German guns means that a strong advance of infantry has taken place, following a heavy bombardment of the enemy's lines. In the upper photograph we see what an infantry attack is like. It shows some men of the Wiltshire Regiment, who, along with the Worcesters, so gallantly fought and defeated the Prussian Guard near Thiepval recently, going forward to the

assault across shell-swept ground through barbed-wire entanglements. In the lower photograph is shown a group of German guns captured during the British offensive. Since the Allied offensive began, the British on the Somme and the French there and at Verdun have taken in all, according to a recent statement, 260 guns, 647 machine-guns, and about 54,000 men.—[Official Photographs.]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

THOSE who used to preach that "home" and the things thereunto appertaining should be "woman's whole existence" are silenced by the war. Almost the entire work that women are doing for the nation is carried on outside the four walls of the Englishman's castle, and a very great deal of it is being done away from England, though there has not yet been found anyone to argue that it should be dropped on that account. The work of women nurses, for example, goes a very long way from home. The woman nurse has to be prepared for "antres vast, and deserts idle," as well as for the more civilised hell of Northern France. For there is need for nursing among our more distant Allies which must be met by us or not at all, and all the old prejudices about sending Englishwomen afar have had to be abandoned.

The whole-hearted way in which women in this country have answered the call for nurses here at home or for service abroad has been extraordinary. Quite as striking, however, are the services in this direction that they have rendered to our Allies. Their energies have not been confined to the victims of the battlefield either, but have extended to the more prosaic though no less necessary job of looking after the innocent victims of the

war in the shape of refugees, both women and children. Our position and our Navy have saved us from the horrors of invasion—as Belgium, Russia,

Poland, France, and Serbia understand that word—and its consequences, so it seemed only in the fitness of things that we should do our utmost to alleviate the misery of those less fortunate than ourselves. When the tide of war swept over and swamped Poland and Galicia last year, the population of the districts flocked in their millions to Russia. Long before adequate arrangements could

be made to receive them, cities and villages were invaded by crowds of homeless, starving, and destitute humanity. The plight of the Belgian refugees in this country only conveys a very faint idea of what the exiles from Poland—who had to face a journey over a vast and sparsely populated region and endure the rigour of a Russian winter at the same time—had to endure. There were no ships to convey them to the shelter of a friendly port; there were practically no railways available—railways had long before been commandeered for military purposes. So the journey had to be made on foot, and thousands died in the attempt to make it, for disease and death were travelling companions whose presence could always be relied upon.

Russia did all that any country could do. But the difficulties were enormous. Remember, Russia's wounded are infinitely in excess of the wounded of any other of

the Allied countries. All the medical aid that could be commandeered had been commandeered for the army. Every woman who could be trained

(Continued overleaf.)



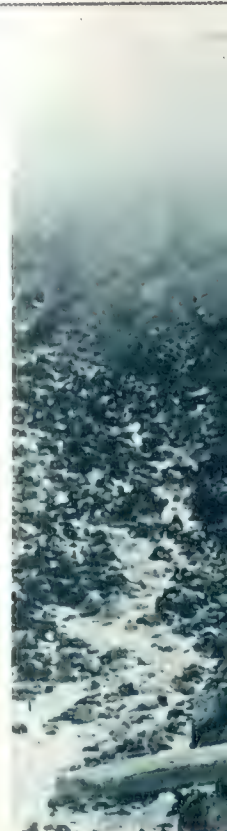
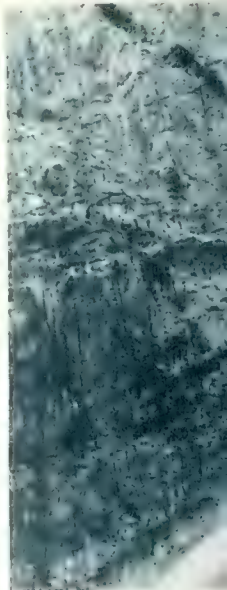
FEMININE FIRE-FIGHTERS: A SCENE AT DARTFORD.

As the result of regular members of the City of London Mental Hospital Fire Brigade at Dartford having joined the Services, members of the women's staff have volunteered to perform the duties. The brigade consists of ten nurses, with Chief Officer Clayton as their instructor. The fire station is fully equipped with appliances; and the uniform is blue with red facings, helmet and cap. Our photograph shows "The Alarm"—running out with the hose-cart.—[Photo. by C.N.]



A NOVEL EXPERIENCE FOR LADIES: WAR-TIME HOP-PICKERS IN A BARN.

Many ladies have responded to Lady Hindlip's appeal to assist in the Worcestershire hop-fields, and are content to sleep in the primitive conditions afforded by a barn.



Scarcely a day passes without a pluck with which women entail conditions not a field of feminine industry woman's physical ability necessity is found in the

THE WAR.

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[Continued overleaf.]

ARTFORD.

London Mental Services, mem- in the duties. yton as their nces; and the r photograph Photo, by C.N.]



KERS IN A BARN.

Worcestershire hop- ded by a barn.

New War-Time Work for Women.



A WET JOB: WOMEN CLAY-WASHERS IN A CORNISH PIT.

Scarcely a day passes which does not bring some new proof of the pluck with which women are taking up new forms of work which entail conditions not usually associated in this country with the field of feminine industry. One of the newest revelations of woman's physical ability to take up man's work in case of necessity is found in the fact that these new women-workers of

to-day are now being employed in a very ancient industry—that of "washers" in a Cornish clay-pit, near St. Austell. Instead of washing out the clay with running water, a powerful stream is now, in many places, pumped against the clayey sides of the pits. The "liquid" is then refined, dried into lumps and powder, and used in the manufacture of pottery and paper.—[Photos. by C.N.]

to look after the soldiers in any way was busy in the service of the wounded. But feeding-stations were established, barracks were built, and committees appointed to deal with the situation. It is not, however, the easiest thing in the world to get a great organisation into smooth working order.

It was here that the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies stepped in. Since the beginning of the war its powers as a highly trained and organised body had been used for services national as well as international. Although it was already supporting the Scottish Women's Hospitals, it determined to go to the help of our great ally. The help took the form of a maternity unit for Petrograd, sent through the joint committee of the Red Cross and the Order of St. John. It consisted of two doctors, a matron, nurses, a sanitary officer, an administrator, secretary, and almoner; and the equipment, besides medical stores and comforts, included clothes for women, children, and infants. The Tatiana Committee organised to deal with the refugees gratefully accepted the society's offer of help. It was itself engaged in trying to solve the problem of how to arrange for a maternity home when there were no nurses who could be spared to work it. It promised, however, to build a hospital with twelve beds, and give a thousand roubles a month towards its upkeep. This was how the British Women's Maternity Hospital, which has

now been for some months a going concern in the Russian capital, first came into being.

It was not long before the necessity of enlarging their sphere became apparent to the English-women. In the Province of Kazan, overrun as it was with refugees who herded indiscriminately in



ON A DEVONSHIRE FARM: LADIES ABOUT TO MAKE BUTTER.

These ladies have been trained in the theory and practice of dairying at a farm college, and are practical helpers of much value in the present dearth of men workers.—[Photo. by Record Press.]



AN AMERICAN LADY IN THE TRENCHES:
MRS. FRANKLIN ADAMS.

A delegation of well-known Americans is visiting the Western Front trenches, getting glimpses of the war in progress, and of the devastation wrought by German soldiery. Our picture shows Mrs. Franklin Adams leaving a trench with a posy of flowers forming the national colours, presented to her by the attendant "poilu."—[French Official Photograph.]

badly built structures, or crowded into underground cellars, disease and death were reaping a grim harvest. Once more the British women came to the rescue, and the urban council of Kazan rose to its feet in token of respect when one of the women doctors—the medical officers who accompany the units are all women—offered them the help of skilled workers to deal with the situation. The Great Britain to Poland Fund promised equipment and maintenance, Kazan itself contributed two buildings, and a staff of English women doctors and nurses set to work to organise and equip them as children's hospitals for infectious diseases. There is, in addition, a large out-patients' department; and it is hoped to start a school for mothers to instruct the women in the elementary principles of child care.

The other day another addition was made to the hospital work being carried on by English-women in Russia. Dr. Elsie Inglis, and a new Russian unit of two field hospitals and a convoy, have recently been sent to Russia. The unit is under the auspices of the Scottish Women's Hospitals.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.



GUESTS OF A C

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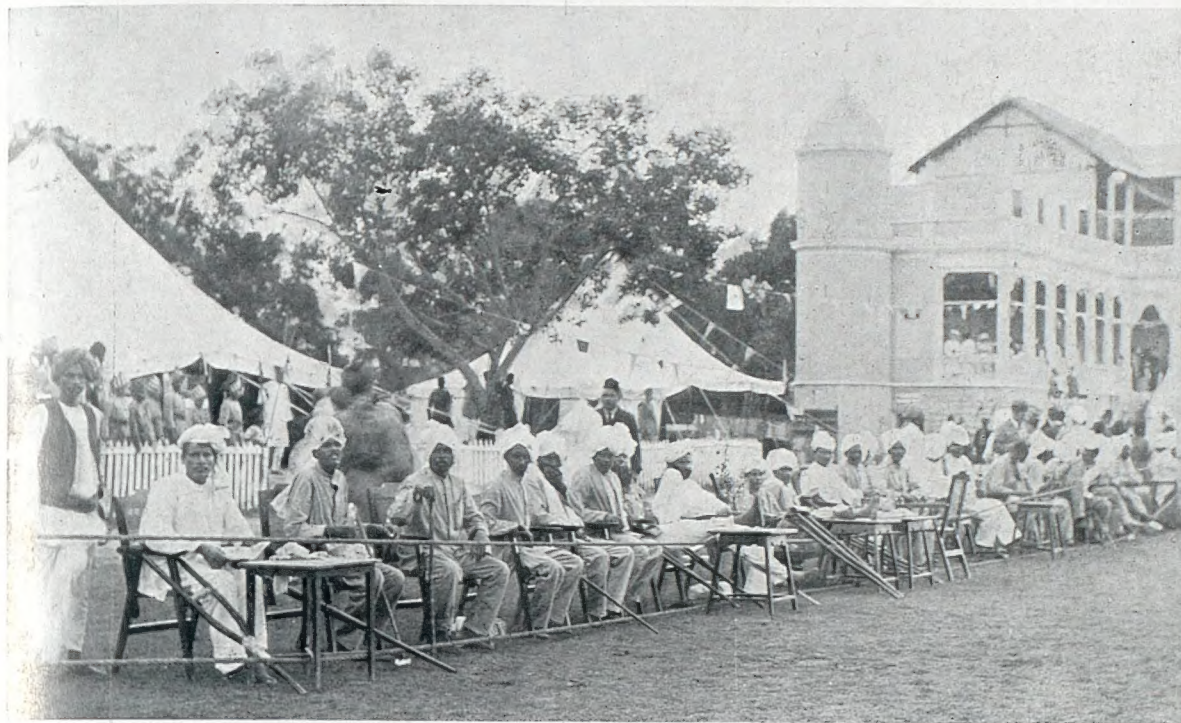
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Released Prisoners from Kut at Hyderabad.

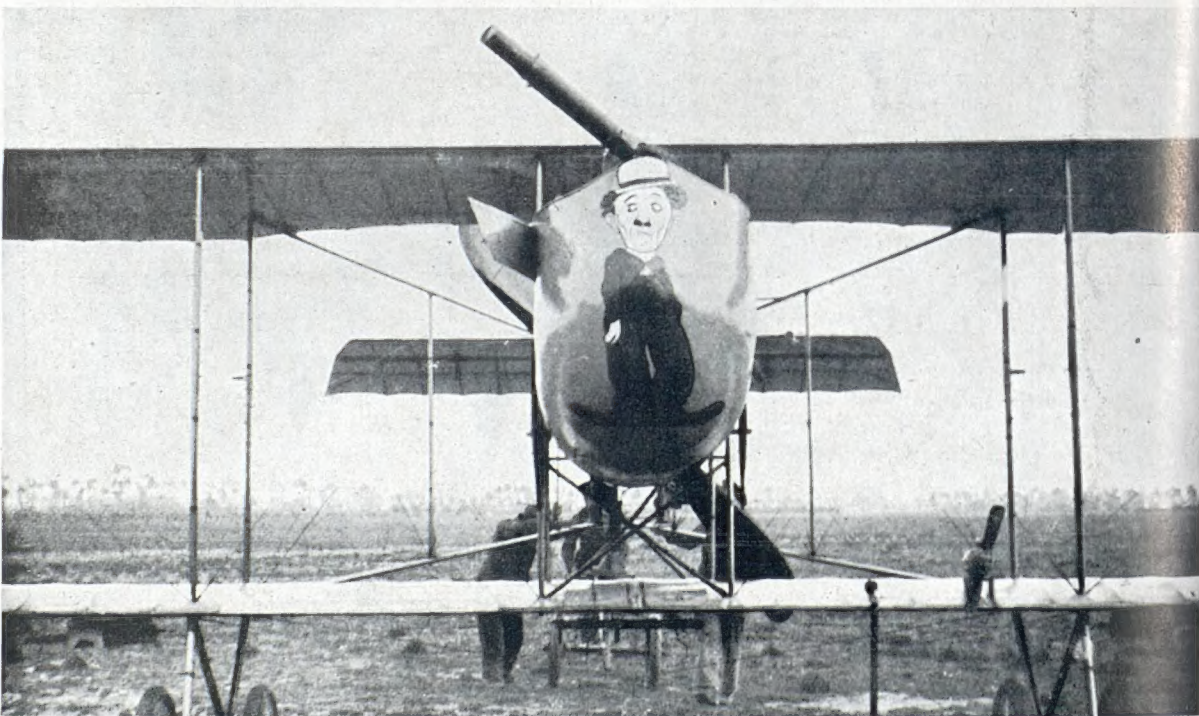


GUESTS OF A GREAT INDIAN SOLDIER: WOUNDED ENTERTAINED BY SIR AFSUR-UL-MULK.

Writing from Hyderabad on August 17, our correspondent who sends these interesting photographs mentions that they show "wounded British and Indian soldiers (mostly released prisoners from Kut) being entertained at Hyderabad by Colonel Sir Afsur-ul-Mulk last week." At one time there was some misgiving as to the treatment of the Kut prisoners by the Turks, but, later,

reassuring letters from individual prisoners were published, written from Angora, Bagdad, and elsewhere in Asiatic Turkey. Sir Afsur-ul-Mulk is Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of the Nizam of Hyderabad. He visited London last January with his son (who was attached to a British regiment in France) in connection with Indian hospitals here. He was at King Edward's Coronation.

Aeroplane "figure-heads": Belgian Aviators' Humour.



MEDUSA'S HEAD—ON AN AEROPLANE: CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS A FIGURE-HEAD IN WAR-TIME.

The humour of the figure-head shown in our first illustration as part of the decoration of a Belgian aeroplane is grim, but suggests clearly enough the terror which the sight of the machine may well strike into the soul of an enemy combatant, and, as in the classic legend, turn him into stone. The transformation would be a singularly suggestive incident in the war in the air. Our second

illustration distinctly affords "comic relief," but the humour of the famous quaint and world-popular cinema star, seen in such conditions, will scarcely be appreciated by the enemy who finds himself confronted with this grotesquely decorated 'plane. It affords, however, one more testimonial to the universality of fame which a really humorous and original player commands.—[Photos. by C.N.]

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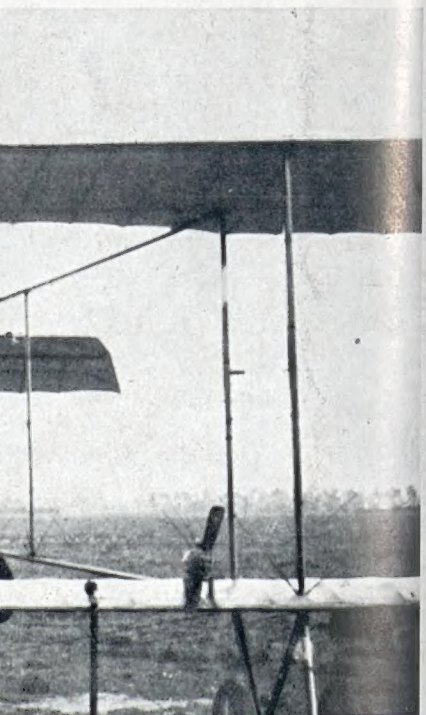


BRAVE BELGIANS

The fighters in this wonder and amuse themselves when they attack. Songs, acting them, and our photographs into the amusements of the the significance or dumb el

Sept. 20, 1916

Aviators' Humour.



A FIGURE-HEAD IN WAR-TIME.

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from Bullets to Ballets: Belgian Soldiers "Resting."

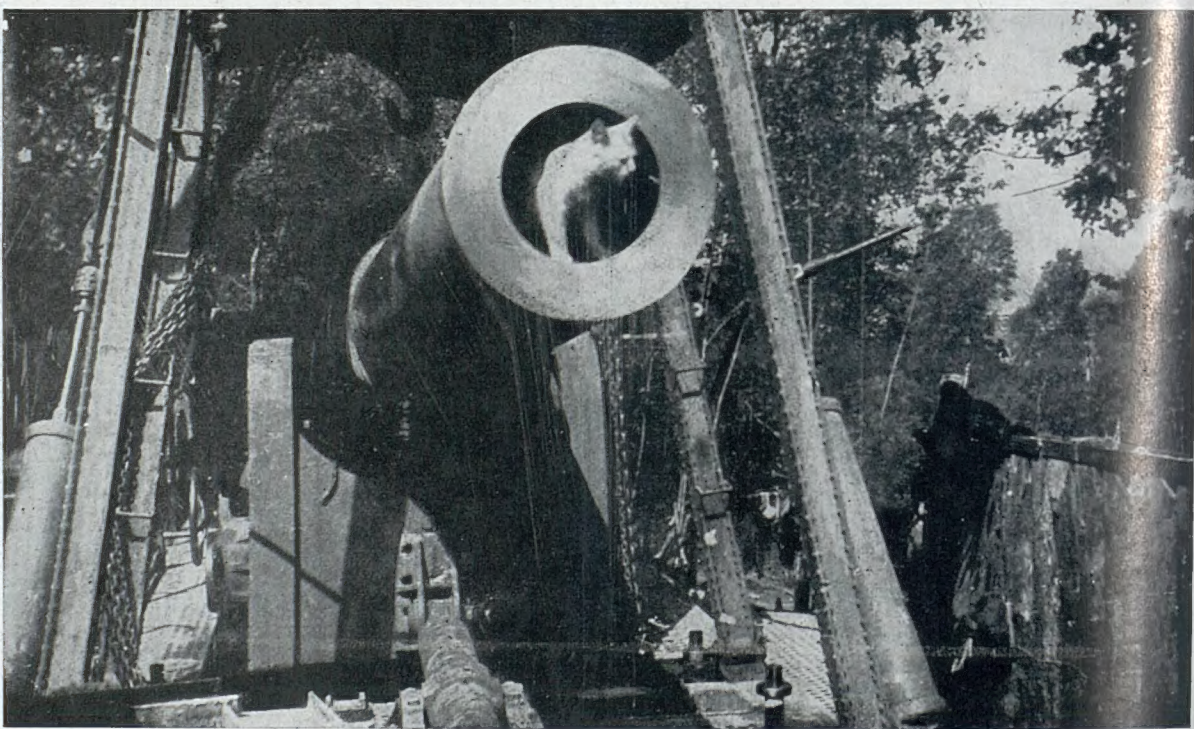
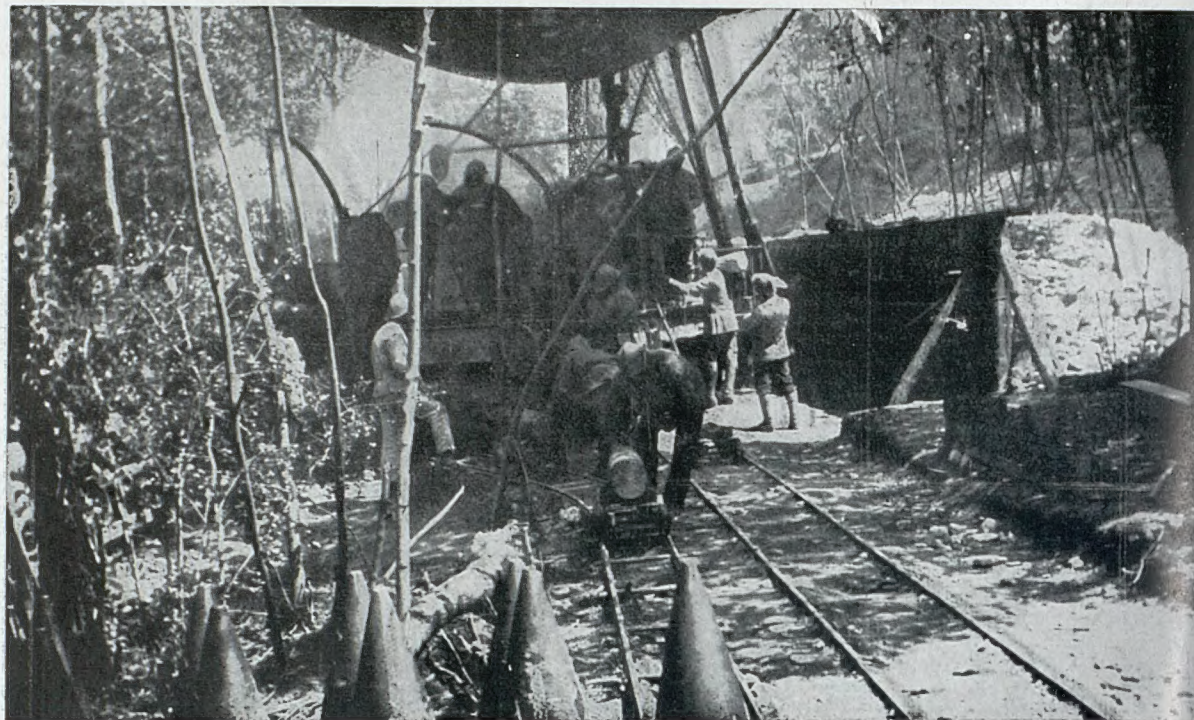


BRAVE BELGIANS IN THEIR HOUR OF EASE: THE CORPS-DE-BALLET IN A FIELD THEATRE.

The fighters in this wonderful war throw all anxiety to the winds, and amuse themselves when opportunity serves as energetically as they attack. Songs, acting, and ballet make irresistible appeal to them, and our photographs show how whole-heartedly they enter into the amusements of the moment. Their dancing may not have the significance or dumb eloquence of "L'Enfant Prodigue," or the

dazzling magnificence of a West-End revue; but, although their "costumes" are chiefly of straw, they serve; and the fact that the "theatre" stands in a farmyard lends them the "local colour" for which experts so often clamour with less effective results. It is a heartening thing to know that the men of all the Allies play as vigorously as they fight.—[Photos. by C.N.]

A Big French Gun and a Battery Mascot.



"THE CUSTOMARY CANNONADE" AND "THE HARMLESS, NECESSARY CAT": ACTION AND INACTION.

The French Army, like our own, is well equipped with heavy artillery. In the upper photograph a French big gun, pointing towards the right, is seen at the moment of firing, with supplies of shells coming up on little railway trucks. The lower photograph shows the gunners' mascot, a cat that had attached itself to the battery, surveying the scene from the "deathful-grinning mouth"

of the big gun, all-unconscious of the potential force behind, which might blow poor Pussy into smithereens. A French communiqué of the 17th stated: "To the north of the Somme our artillery actively bombarded the German organisations. . . . All the counter-attacks . . . were shattered by our guns. . . . There was the customary cannonade on the rest of the front."—[C.N.]

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THE PRIME MIN
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